THE
NATION

MAY 25, 1957 . . 25c

THE HOMOSEXUAL: Challenge to Science

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George A. Silver

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LETTER from KENYA

Paul Bowles

Mombasa

I DON'T remember ever hearing of Kenya until I read Baroness Blixen's stately book *Out of Africa* during the war; even after that all I remembered about it was that there were people called the Masai who lived on the milk and blood of their cattle, and that lions, giraffes and zebras wandered loose over the countryside. Later, in England, I became conscious of Kenya as a place where the British consistently had themselves a rip-roaring good time; with the loss of India it had become *the* colony, the one land where British colonial tradition still existed in a relatively unaltered form. It took the recent local crisis with its sensational press reports to give me the desire to visit the country.

I landed, not at the Nairobi airport, but in classical fashion, coming from the Indian Ocean into the harbor of Mombasa. Between the northeast and the southwest monsoons Mombasa is one of the hotter cities, and the British of Kenya, unlike those left in India, Ceylon and Malaya, seem to think it more sporting to do without punkahs or fans of any sort. (The mention of air-conditioning would be *lèse-majesté*.) So you sleep under mosquito canopies hung in small ovens. The city is attractive and spacious; for some indefinable reason its main streets remind me faintly of the shopping district of Miami Beach. The population, however, is infinitely more cosmopolitan. At this season the cafés and markets are full of groups of Arab traders from the Hadhramaut and Socotra and Oman, fierce-faced brown men with daggers in their belts, squatting, waiting for the wind which will propel them homeward in their ancient-looking dhows. They speak classical Arabic, and hopefully offer to sell their double-edged, razor-sharp daggers for a thousand shillings. (They come without passports, and make a good deal of money in the interior selling on credit to unsuspecting Africans, and then applying physical intimidation to collect exorbitant prices for their goods.) Mombasa is more Asian than African in feeling. The shops are run by Hindus and Moslems who speak Gujarati or Punjabi, depending on which part of India they come from. But everyone—Africans, Asians and Europeans—speaks Swahili. Not to know this *lingua franca* makes you feel very much out of things; it is essential for communication between African and European, African and Asian, and most important of all, between Africans from different regions of Kenya itself and from across the border of the neighboring countries. It is phoneticized in both Roman and Arabic script; recently the government has begun to accept telegrams written in it.

The Sultan of Zanzibar claims ownership of the entire coast of Kenya to a depth of ten miles, as well as a multitude of islands. These claims are recognized by the British to the point of their being willing to pay him 16,000 pounds a year rental and interest for the land, and to use the official title "Colony and Protectorate of Kenya." Such things may not be of much interest at the moment in Kenya, but they are in Zanzibar, and the day when the question of autonomy for Kenya begins to be discussed, it will obviously become a matter of importance. Who will get what, and how?

In today's local press an article headed *Man-Eaters Kill 43* caught my attention. I half expected the piece to be an account of cannibalism, but it was only about lions. Yesterday one of them wandered into Likoni, across the harbor from Mombasa proper. Two were surprised walking in the streets of a Nairobi suburb, where they were amusing themselves eating the residents' dogs; the police had to shoot them. If you want to shoot a lion for sport, it will cost you twenty pounds for the permit, and at least another ten pounds to have the hide cured.

Nairobi

THERE is only one other city in all of Kenya besides Mombasa, and that is Nairobi, the capital. The bus trip took a little more than eleven hours, and was not uncomfortable. Most of the time the road is a ribbon of bright red earth cutting straight over the slopes and across the plains. A car a mile ahead is a small puff of red dust. Overhead is the characteristic intense sky of the tropical highlands, whose brightness emphasizes remote details at the horison. The giraffes are for the most part unmoving; in the distance they look like enormous wooden toys. The zebras and deer are more likely to be frisky. It was in the few dreary villages where the bus stops along the way that I saw for the first and last time some shops run by Africans. Not one in Mombasa, not one in Nairobi. At a lonely spot the bus stopped and took on a few Masai passengers: the women heavy with coils of wire wound around their necks and vast wheels of it weighting down their ears,

(Continued on page 466)

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The Nation, May 25, 1957, Vol. 184, No. 21

The Nation, published weekly by The Nation Company and copyright 1957, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class mail privileges authorized at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year $7, Two years $12, Three years $17. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1957
VOLUME 184, NUMBER 21

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Idols of the Tribe

Before the first issue of *The Nation* appeared in 1865, E. L. Godkin issued a prospectus in which he pointed out that the new magazine would "make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit" and would "wage war upon the violence, exaggeration, and misrepresentation by which so much of the political writing of the day is marred." Later a colleague, A. G. Sedgwick, observed that it was part of *The Nation's* purpose to seek out and expose "the absurdity of the fallacies underlying the extreme view on either side," describing this as "the faculty of seeing through the Idols of the Tribe." Here is a timeless function of *The Nation;* the Idols may change, but the Tribe is never without them. Issues that demanded critical scrutiny in the 1930s no longer require the same scrutiny; and even some which have not been resolved have been clarified to the degree that the principles on which ultimate victory can be won are no longer in doubt.

But there are always new problems; and sometimes old ones require fresh scrutiny. In the last year *The Nation* has critically examined such social problems as narcotic addiction, capital punishment, the treatment of sex deviants, the role of prisons in breeding crime, the rehabilitation of habitual criminals, and (in this issue) the problem of homosexuality. In each instance, the problem has been examined by an expert; and the impact of the articles has been proof to us that the scrutiny was overdue.

Social issues of this kind cater to mass prejudices. The principal victims are usually silent or silenced; hence demagogues can make outrageous statements without fear of challenge or reprisal. Politicians win votes not by talking sense about drug addiction, but by demanding the death penalty for narcotic addicts. Then, too, the mass of prejudice which encrusts the problem is in direct ratio to the ignorance about it. In such fields, the first task of a journal of critical opinion is to attack the popular prejudice and to insist, so to speak, that jurisdiction be transferred from the forums of sensationalism and misinformation to laboratories, where the facts can be verified and the evidence sifted. Invariably this involves a direct refutation of the prevailing dogma on the subject, but as Sheriff Joseph D. Lohman of Cook County (Chicago) said in urging the abolition of capital punishment before a Memphis audience recently: "There are times when rational men must hold fast to what is right and assert it even if the public is not at the moment of that opinion."

The President and the Budget

In his attempt to rally support for the budget, President Eisenhower appears to have been the victim of an odd interplay between the two aspects of his career which are institutionalized, so to speak, in his dual role as President and Commander-in-Chief. The people have more than usual respect for the military judgment of this particular Commander-in-Chief, but by his candor, the President has made them aware not merely that tensions have been reduced, but that the preparation of military budgets is more of an art than a science. At the same time, perhaps because he is a military expert, the President has not tried to push the budget through Congress by manipulating a crisis-of-the-moment which would stimulate the reflexes of the cold-war period. On the contrary, he has frankly acknowledged that the Russians are "feeling the pinch of building, supporting, maintaining these tremendous military organizations" and have begun to adopt a more concilitary attitude in the disarmament talks. The President, in fact, was too candid to convey a graver apprehension than indeed he felt. The debate on the budget and Mr. Eisenhower's rather benign participation in it should help to convince the Russians that this country is in anything but a warlike mood at the moment. The President, of course, is the symbol of this mood.

Bipartisanship Ad Absurdum

Those who fear that the structure of bipartisanship has been undermined should study a recent press release of the Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations. The press release (May 13) announced the extension of the committee's activities to include not merely op-

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position to China's admission to the world body, but to any form of trade, cultural or diplomatic exchange with Peking. But more remarkable than the release is the composition of the committee itself—a monument to a bipartisanship so inclusive as to give rise to the inference that some misunderstanding must exist among its sponsors and members. Until we scanned the committee's letterhead, we would have doubted that such diverse political types could be induced to agree on the time of the day or the day of the week, much less on a key aspect of American policy. The Honerary Chairman is Warren R. Austin. The Steering Committee consists of Senator Paul H. Douglas and Representative Francis E. Walter (Democrats), Senator H. Alexander Smith and Representative Walter H. Judd (Republicans), along with Joseph C. Grew and Charles Edison. This is an impressing, over-arching bipartisanship. Even more impressive are the delightful pairings which can be made by combining names drawn at random from the list of members: Senator Everett M. Dirksen and Senator Richard L. Neuberger, Senator William Knowland and Senator Margaret Chase Smith, Representative Chet Holifield and Representative George Dondero, Governor George M. Leader and former Governor J. Bracken Lee, Henry Luce and Jay Lovestone, Senator Mike Monroney and General Albert C. Wedemeyer, Conrad Aiken and Whittaker Chambers, General George C. Marshall and Senator Styles Bridges, James Burnham and Horace Kallen, Senator Barry Goldwater and Senator Mike Mansfield, Undersecretary of State Christian Herter and Senator Karl E. Mundt.

This is bipartisanship *ad absurdum*. How much more bipartisan do we want to be?

They're Naive

In the judgment of the editors of the campus daily, the faculty committee at the University of Texas that named a Negro co-ed to sing the lead in an undergraduate opera was guilty of an act of "striking naivete." The faculty committee will stand rebuked. How artless of these old fogies not to have known that, in any conflict between principle and prejudice, only the naive will insist on principle. (See comments *The Nation*, May 18, p. 429).

Pagoda Flirtation

Washington

Much in Burma has changed since Kipling, but one phenomenon survives: the dawn still "comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay." That's why the government of U Nu is so cautious in edging away from neutralism and leaning towards the West.

Not long ago the edging was the other way. In 1955, Mr. Nu was fêted in Peking. Chinese Premier Chou En-lai was repeatedly welcomed in Rangoon. A year-and-a-half ago, Bulganin and Khrushchev—fresh from propagandist conquests in India—gathered laurels in Burma. U Nu returned from a tour of the Soviet Union, impressed by the transformation, in little more than a generation, of primitive, agrarian Russia into the world's second industrial power.

An incident in December, 1955, symbolized the West's alarm as Burma seemed to be gravitating toward the Moscow-Peking axis. A World Bank mission in Burma was abruptly ordered back after U Nu had accepted Soviet agricultural advisers.

However, tension between Burma and the West was brief. Last year the World Bank, in a forgiving mood, granted U Nu two loans totalling about $30,000,000. One loan was to enlarge the port of Rangoon, Burma's capital, and the other to modernize Burmese railroads. A couple of months ago, the United States extended a $25,000,000 credit for Burma's economic development.

Now Burma is on the verge of requesting more substantial American aid. It will be for $90,000,000 worth of U.S. agricultural surpluses to be delivered over three years, starting July 1. Two-thirds of this amount is wanted for raw cotton to expand textile manufacture; the rest would supply American vegetable oils, tobacco, dairy products, wheat and flour. It would all be repayable in Burmese currency, thus safeguarding the nation's difficult foreign exchange position.

Such assistance in itself would not compromise Burmese neutralism. After all, the United States is giving similar aid to other unaligned countries like India, Indonesia and Yugoslavia—and now, even to Communist Poland. However, there are indications of quite another character. About a year ago, the commander-in-chief of Burma's armed forces, General Ne Win, came to Washington. Without publicity, U.S. military chiefs entertained him and engaged in conversations about which nothing became known. Last winter Lieutenant General Graves Erskine of the Marine Corps visited Burma. Nominally retired, the general is an active consultant of the Central Intelligence Agency.

The reciprocal mission of Ne Win and Erskine and efforts by the American military attaché in Rangoon, Colonel Edward Thelan, are bearing fruit. The United States has offered to supply machine-guns and rifles to the Burmese army to support its continuing war against Communist guerrillas. Burma has suggested that a few U.S. officers be assigned to help train Burmese non-coms and staff officers. However, Burma has stipulated that the officers should be under individual contract to the Burmese Defense Ministry and not under U.S. command. Thus U Nu hopes to avoid the appearance of departing from neutrality—an acknowledgment of the "thunder outer China 'crost the Bay."

But both American and Burmese authorities regard the proposed military collaboration as just a start.

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The Homosexual: Challenge to Science.. *George A. Silver*

COARSE BUTT of banal humor, condemned and despised, a criminal punishable by law, the homosexual continues to flourish. There is a cyclical character to this growth that is curious and revealing. In our own time, the spate of books on the subject—learned studies, novels of justification, poems, plays—may indicate increased tolerance rather than an increase of homosexuality. Certainly, although the restrictive laws remain, homosexuality is in large measure condoned. The homosexual allows himself to appear more boldly as such.

Any endorsement of toleration raises questions of social policy. Would the abrogation of cultural taboos and legal penalties, like a removal of quarantine, multiply the infection? Perhaps those who never would have known what the strange strivings were, would now be informed, and succumb. Others who might have exercised restraint, might now loose it. Still others might let themselves be more easily seduced by an attractive world of artists, poets, dancers, designers.

Does this mean that we ought to advocate censorship or suppression of information about homosexuality? Any adequate answer demands consideration of its history and causation.

Homosexuality from farthest antiquity has been known, and a matter of controversy. Female homosexuality has always been of much less concern because evidences of affection between women are acceptable and not suspect. For practical discussion, homosexuality means male homosexuality.

Oddly enough, in early times—as Westermarck, the anthropologist, points out—among the most warlike primitive peoples, homosexuality was a part of the warrior's code. The Dorians are supposed to have brought the practice into classical Greece, the Normans into Saxon England. The Greek experience is well documented and shows that in a short space of time attitudes moved from approval and encouragement (Plato in *The Symposium)* to deprecation and punishment (Plato in *The Laws).* One may note that the Oedipus complex owes a great deal to homosexuality: the crime for which Laius had to be punished was the rape of a young boy. His fate, therefore, was to be murdered by his son, Oedipus.

John Addington Symonds, in *A Problem in Greek Ethics,* developed an apologetic thesis to remove the taint on his beloved Golden Age Greeks. He distinguished between "pederasty"—love for a young man without any sexual element—and the sexual connection between two men. The former (the Greek version of homosexuality) was noble and uplifting and socially valuable in developing character and passing on leadership qualities. Pederasty, he argued, derived from the warrior's life, the need to have a trusted friend with whom to fight shield to shield or back to back (cf. "buddy system" in modern armies or "shipmates" with the double connotation). This fierce, close relationship, "manly love," as strong as heterosexual love but without any sexual element, becomes corrupted when transferred from the harsh camp to the soft city. Or alternatively, it is corrupted by military expeditions among the vicious and degraded Orientals (Symonds' words).

The phenomenon of heightened intellectual or social activity associated with increase in homosexual activity can be seen not only in Periclean Greece, but in Imperial Rome, the Italian Renaissance, Elizabethan England. Postwar periods particularly seem to stimulate homosexuality —Restoration England, post-Civil War United States, post-World War I England and Germany, and of course, the present.

This periodicity of homosexuality may be more apparent than real. A residual continuing level of homosexuality (the component regarded by Symonds as "manly love") may be present at all times, but the component "vice" may be added from time to time. The camaraderie of military camps arouses no questions and male-appearing, male-acting homosexuals are always more acceptable than female imitators. But while in some periods the female-appearing homosexual may openly present himself as such, at other times even a male-appearing homosexual may consider it more discreet or socially advisable to marry and even produce a family.

STRANGELY enough, in a subject known for such a long time and in so many diverse places, the factors of causation or development are still, if not altogether unknown, certainly bitterly controversial. There is a natural complexity about homosexuality, since it may be buried in the *individual's* psyche or physiology or chemistry, enforced from without by the *family* psychological setting, or arise from the *social* organization. "Occam's Razor" dictates that where many explanations flourish, none is true. It may be so with homosexuality. In discussing causation, I assume we can pass over the theory that involves inborn moral defect—an irremediable defect for which one can only imprison, isolate or execute the defective person.

First, a word on anthropological evidence. The observation of primitive peoples gives the strongest reasons for believing that homosexuality is a biologically "normal" method of sexual expression. There are cultures in which homosexuality is institutionalized, as among those American Indians in which the *berdache* (from the Persian word for a kept-boy) was a legitimate preparation for a *shaman.* Among the Indians, a *shaman* who had seen a vision and was therefore *forced* to become a woman by the will of the gods, was respected. The tribesmen who acted as women without having seen a vision, or those who dressed as women and allowed themselves to be treated sexually as women,

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were despised. A parallel to these exists in the farmyard "pecking order" and among baboons. The defeated male (defeated by life, society or his family) may assume a female position and attitude.

Westermarck relates homosexuality to lack of available women (either too few or too chaste). And he adds, "Homosexual practices in early youth have had a lasting effect on the sexual instinct, which at its first appearance, being somewhat indefinite, is easily turned into a homosexual direction."

Causation theory Number One, then, is that a basic "neutral" is shifted into homosexuality by cultural pressures. This theory could possibly explain the homosexuality of sailors and shepherds, of prisons, barracks and the English public schools. Kinsey's "biological" approach, in his book on male sexuality, is an extension of the argument. The fact that 37 per cent of American males have had at least one homosexual experience, or that 4 per cent of American males are exclusively homosexual, would seem to confirm that the pattern is not the sole prerogative of deviants or criminals. However, Kinsey's statistics and approach to the problem are now subject to as much debate as his conclusions.

Some may still believe homosexuals are physically different and that physical difference is evident on examination—hermaphroditism. This is Theory Number Two. Mostly the organicists have turned to physiology and postulate disordered *function* of the glands and variations in hormonal concentration. This etiological school occasionally furnishes startling and exciting material for the tabloids. Chemistry is also used in conjunction with some recent discoveries in structure to help explain homosexuality via "chromosomal sex." It has been established that the sexual organs may be of one sex while the chromosome distribution in the somatic cells may be of the opposite sex. A fixed number of people may be born with homosexual rather than heterosexual love as the end product of their *natural* development.

Critics of this theory ask: if chemistry or physiology offers a *method* whereby homosexuality might be established, what causes the physiological dysfunction to begin? To the pure organicist, it must be "an inborn error of metabolism."

Of those who embrace psychological explanations, one group—here is Theory Number Three—considers homosexuality a disease to which everyone is susceptible, but in only a few people does an unfortunate concatenation of circumstances (social and personal) produce the effect. No special susceptibility of the psyche is necessary. Other social diseases are similarly created: narcotic addiction, alcoholism, prostitution, juvenile delinquency—and auto accidents. Prevention is by a community approach—elimination of slums, barring exposure to perverted and distorted characters, shoring up the family relationship through mental-hygiene teaching, making greater and more wholesome recreational facilities available; in effect, "social treatment." Both sin and crime, in this theory, give way to illness as the fashionable explanation of deviant behavior.

NOW THE psychoanalytic interpretation (Theory Number Four) differs from this considerably. Each individual passes through a series of developmental stages. Arrest or distortion of development at an early stage ("oedipal" in some, "pre-oedipal" in others) results in the establishment of homosexuality. This doctrine bears considerable resemblance to original sin, and has the same merit—one can be saved through grace. In this case, grace is represented by analytic therapy. A powerful and persuasive thesis along these lines is developed by Edmund Bergler in *Homosexuality: Disease or Way of Life?* Bergler is an irritating pamphleteer with some arrogant mannerisms, but he details his concept clearly and without equivocation. He says homosexuality is a curable illness, and that analysis is the cure. The cause, he says, lies in a distorted fear of deprivation of the breast derived from an unsatisfactory relationship with the pre-oedipal mother.

One type of homosexuality *may* not be abnormal in either the psychiatric or social sense. That is the "prepuberal" or childish experimentation in which exploration of sex may occur between two boys as well as between a boy and a girl.

From the sum of the information gathered, it would seem that there may be several kinds of homosexuality, one of which may be a basic character trait; another, part of normal personal or social development and so temporary; still another, a permanent form derived from social and/or personal factors. There is also a type of homosexuality, associated with criminality and distortion of personality, which is a manifestation of an underlying character disorder rather than a disease in itself.

IN VIEW of these unprovable hypotheses, how shall we deal with homosexual literature?

From the very earliest, this literature reflected the cultural milieu. The artist's attitude was either accepting, weaving homosexuality into a plot as he would weave any other strand of human relationship; or, recognizing the social conflict involved, he would condemn, glorify or justify the manifestation. By and large, the former is the attitude of classical antiquity, the latter of more modern times.

Lately classical attitudes have begun to invade our own time (*The Last of the Wine* by Mary Renault and *Thin Ice* by Compton Mackenzie). And there is a quasi-scientific, fictional biographical literature developing, too, which represents the classical attitude. *Compulsion* by Meyer Levin is a powerful recent contribution to this field.

A generation ago, André Gide issued his brilliant, sly defense of homosexuality in his novels and in the devastating *Theseus*, in which Theseus abandons Ariadne, not for her sister, but for her *brother!* Today literature offers additional apologists and partisans. Three current books may serve as examples in point.

Giovanni's Room by James Baldwin is a love story, a tender (if the word does not grate) romance be-

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tween two men. One of the men is sensitive to his ambivalence (he has been carrying on a heterosexual affair) and is baffled and depressed by the discovery itself and the violence of feeling it engenders. He is unable to control what is essentially a normal love feeling. The story would be trite if a boy and girl were involved (the triteness redeemed somewhat by the quality of the writing). However, the book is moving and appealing because of the *leitmotif* of social protest, and because the characterizations conform so well to psychoanalytic interpretation. Bergler comments on the "impersonality" of homosexual relations, the "disregard for the body of the partner and concentration on his sex organ" which Baldwin stresses. In other places also there is clear correspondence. Baldwin writes, "I was fantastically intimidated by her breasts, and when I entered her I began to feel that I would never get out alive." And again:

> The beast which Giovanni had awakened in me would never go to sleep again.... And would I then like all the others find myself turning and following all kinds of boys down God knows what dark avenues, into what dark places? With this fearful intimation, there opened in me a hatred for Giovanni which was so powerful as my love and which was nourished by the same roots.

This dark and pitiful passage really symbolizes the book. Whatever the unhappiness of a neurotic heterosexual, weary and dissatisfied with his lot, it is nothing compared with the torment of the homosexual lover, ambivalently desirable and desiring at best, contemptible and shameful at worst.

Compton Mackenzie's *Thin Ice* is a different approach and refreshingly ironical. Actually, it is a rather Jamesian biographical tale of an upper-class English career diplomat, clever and likeable, whose "fatal flaw" is homosexuality. The irony derives from the fact that Henry Fortescue has neither agony of spirit nor pangs of conscience. He goes about his business, becomes a successful and important personage and dies heroically in the German bombing of London. Suspicion of his defect apparently interferes with his promotion in the civil service and this makes him rather bitter. But he carries on his homosexuality without any spiritual distress, though circumspectly. It is the other people in the novel who suffer. His friend from school days (non-homosexual) is continuously in fear of exposure of the protagonist. Father is spiritually broken, mother saddened, brother shamed, and so on.

THE perspective here is that society makes a homosexual shameful or behave shamefully. There is no psychiatric overtone, as in Baldwin's book. There is no personal displacement. Just as one man might be an embezzler or a diabetic, Henry is homosexual. So the rather routine story is adroitly manipulated around the suspense of whether the protagonist will be caught. There is a complete lack of the complex modern psychoanalytic approach, and a sprinkling of delightfully characteristic British lines:

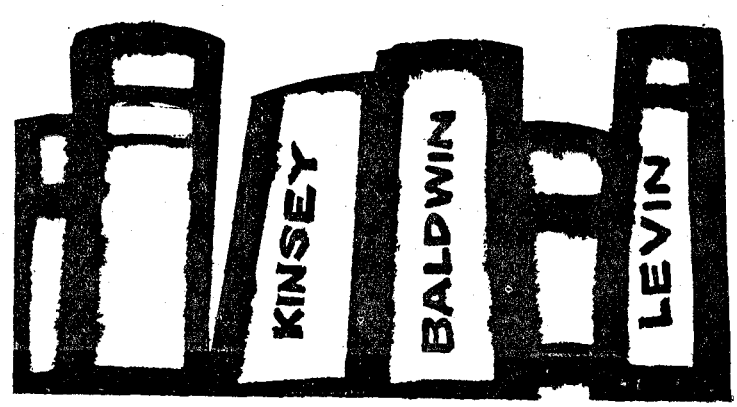
> "I think one owes it to manners to conduct one's love affairs or for that matter one's passing desires, without creating scandal. When one's tastes are..." he hesitated, "exotic, shall we say, then it is imperative to avoid scandal!"

However, Mackenzie is very perceptive and makes a nice point on the place of homosexuality in the social order. He notes the difference in social acceptability between the male-acting and female-acting homosexual. Even among homosexuals, the female-acting one is despised and the male-acting one admired and desired. Baldwin, too, writes of the female-actors:

> I always found it difficult to believe that they ever went to bed with anybody, for a man who wanted a woman would certainly have rather had a real one and a man who wanted a man would certainly not want one of *them*.

Mackenzie astutely notes another characteristic that fits with the anthropological findings: "People of Henry's virile but abnormal temperament are always instinctive admirers and supporters of aggressively masculine races. . . ." Not only Sikhs and Afghans, but the Storm Troopers of the Roehm days can be seen as instruments of British foreign policy under the instruction of such a diplomat. In any case, there is no moralizing. Henry is successful and happy in his unsanctioned love. The routine story tends to support the feeling that social acceptance would be a desirable and useful thing—the homosexual could lead a normal, productive life if he were out of reach of blackmail and poisonous ostracism.

AN altogether different point is made by Meyer Levin in *Compulsion*. This big, awkward book, so passionately detailed in its account of the celebrated Leopold-Loeb case, boldly displays homosexuality as a manifestation of disease, not a disease in itself. The homoerotic relationships of Leopold and Loeb are psychoanalytically explained and reduced to a minor element in the tortured, distorted character-pattern of these two youths. The step by step analysis of the crime, its origins and antecedents, together with the explanation of each symbolic act and event, is masterly. The "senseless" crime is revealed as inordinately purposeful, a compulsive acting out of unconscious twisted needs. Levin cannot enlist sympathy for these two monstrous children. But one does share their



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tragic probings, their pathetic grasping at murder to salvage their souls. Of course, homosexuality in such a context has symbolic value and no real existence of its own. To the reader, therefore, homosexuality as such is no disease, no crime. The late Robert Lindner, in *Rebel Without A Cause*, made this point some years ago, and there is a suggestion of it in Lucy Freeman's *Before I Kill More*. In other words, crime as such, or the psychopathic personality with its attendant criminal acts, is not a result of, or part of, homosexuality. Some of the same tremendous needs that search for gratification through abnormal social activity in these people, must seek abnormal sexual gratification as well.

TODAY homosexuals are seen as victims, patients or unjustly persecuted non-conformists, and so the present literary style is never to condemn them. It is a literature of social protest, presenting a world of sensitive, thoughtful people desperately hounded for their non-conformity. As such, it appeals to the charitable, democratic instinct in all of us and particularly to the eternally chivalric spirit of young people. If the premise agreed upon is reasonably correct, that there is a continuum of homoerotic experience and that the potential neutral group can be influenced one way or another, the influence of this literature may be devastating. But homosexuality has always existed, with or without a literature. In order to do anything about it, we must have information.

The incidence of homosexuality is certainly not known. Kinsey's figures are too debatable, and the apparent increases from time to time may not be any more than changes in acceptability or in public expression. So we can't really know the incidence at all, without a census. And we can't know what proportion of susceptibles there may be in the population without study. In this sea of ignorance, to pass judgment on the social forces that "make" homosexuality would be nonsensical.

In order to get more information, we need fewer strictures, not more, on the literature of homosexuality. The *Lancet*, a British medical journal, notes: "Public attitudes may be perpetuating homosexuality by preventing any real investigation of the subject." Certainly this was true of syphilis before the bold public presentation by Surgeon-General Parran. More information from homosexuals and more investigation of homosexuality will serve to illuminate the subject, and perhaps help reduce homosexuality. A scientific study, such as was made of the problem of narcotic addiction and control by the New York Academy of Medicine, would be very helpful.

At the same time, treatment opportunities have to be developed so that those who are "exposed" and who need or want care can obtain it. The sociological, psychoanalytic and legal aspects need to be explored much more fully. Although sin and crime tend to be merging into sickness, sickness itself undoubtedly has a variety of components that can be dealt with separately—if we get to know them.

The reason we need to concern ourselves with homosexuality as a social phenomenon at all is the family. Our basic social structure demands a family relationship, and therefore heterosexuality. The family is central to the development of humanity not only for perpetuation of the race, but because the proper psychological development of an individual can only occur within the warm circle of the nuclear family. Social and psychological studies indicate quite clearly that a strong family structure helps to develop and maintain a personality free of dangerous (to self and society) characteristics.

The family is already under attack from many sides—industrial mobility and increasing female employment, contraceptives and promiscuity, depersonalization in an increasingly mechanical age. Homosexuality is a further threat to its integrity. As such, it needs to be treated and *prevented*. At present cure is difficult, time consuming, maybe even impossible for many homosexuals. The key to the problem lies in prevention. Prevention waits on knowledge and study.

SPAIN: Valley of the Fallen . . *by John O'Kearney*

Barcelona

IN THE EXPRESS train out of Madrid a padded athletic type in striped trousers and gray jacket came down the aisle, flashing with a flip of lapel a sun-rayed badge. "*Documento!*" he said, in the peremptory tone of a strong man cut out for more important moments. Identification cards of various sorts came out. Mine was my passport. Photograph, check! (It looks like me.) He riffled, then doubled back. Visas: India, Burma, Nationalist China, Japan! He was having a tour for himself. Visa: Hungary! He studied it, then slapped the pages to, and with a pugnacious thrust and a long and hard-eyed stare at the top of my head, handed it back. Farce, by Hitchcock out of Hollywood. But it gave me a sorcerer's foggy look into the character of the bully boys of the secret police. The vision put flesh on the words of men who for eighteen years have been spending their intellectual lives under ground. Today that underground is seething, particularly among the Basques and Catalans. Starvation is driving farm workers from the feudal, neglected South into the politically-aware cities by the tens of thousands. Foreign travel is

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awakening the universities. All political parties (outside of the Falange), banned since Franco came into power in 1939, are linking arms in determination to undo the regime. Monarchists and Socialists, Christian Democrats and Communists, share a common revulsion toward the gags and blinds of absolute censorship and the greed of a dictatorship grown fat upon corruption. "These," I was told, "have been twenty years of waste and decay. The problems we were working to solve in 1936 (at the outbreak of the Civil War) face us in even larger form now. We'll need forty years to regain the lost twenty. But the mortal crisis for Franco is coming. It could have come last year. Only American aid has kept him in power. But even dollars cannot keep democracy and liberty suppressed forever."

I HAD crossed the French border into the Basque country from Hendaye, bearing a scribbled note of introduction from a man who was hunted out of Spain more than five years ago. This started me on a route from Irun to Bilbao, through Burgos and Valladolid to Madrid, through Guadalajara, Zaragoza and Tarragona to Barcelona. Reports had led me to expect beggary, evidence of starvation, pot-bellied children everywhere. These were not evident in the larger Northern cities, nor in Madrid; though in the arid open country between are settlements that are hardly more than hollowed heaps of rubble. Hundreds of farm houses lie in uninhabited ruin. Incalculable numbers live in holes they have cut in mounds and cliffs. "Misery is hidden," said a Castilian. Some is not so hidden, despite Franco's best efforts in the show city of Madrid. The 1956 *Banco Central* Economic Study says that Spanish workers labor 65 hours and 7 minutes to buy the food which a U.S. worker earns in 5 hours and 48 minutes, a Briton 16 hours and 6 minutes, an Italian, 43 hours, 32 minutes. But the figures fail to point out that millions of Spaniards cannot find 65 hours and 7 minutes of work to do. "In this country," I was told, "no one can tell you anything for sure." But of the 20,000 people dependent upon agriculture (total population, 28,000,000), it is estimated that 7,000,000—one-fourth of the nation—are living on starvation rations.

Aside from hunger on the land, there are several main causes of opposition to Franco. These cross all party lines, embrace all classes and a large part of the Church. Basques and Catalans charge him with brutal efforts to stamp out their languages, their cultures, to scatter them as peoples and break the force of their resistance to authoritarian rule. The capitalists, from whom the Monarchist movement draws its great strength, charge him with the destruction of trade. (Once busy railway yards along the frontier are thick with weeds and rust.) The Catalans say they pay 49 per cent of all taxes, but that not a peseta returns to them in benefits. They manufacture textiles, chemicals, cars and light machinery, but their factories run down from want of raw materials, denied them by Franco's diversion and looting of foreign credits. Neither Basque nor Catalan manufacturers are permitted to expand. Under a policy of "decentralization," Franco is dispersing industry into backward areas of Spain, far from materials and skilled labor. Corrupt controls have driven essential metals, chemical fertilizers and other items into a black market which charges three of four times more than the fixed prices. Franco agents grow rich on black-market trade. Every second man who works for a living lays to Franco the economic inflation that has cut the real value of the weekly pay packet to 60 per cent of that of 1936. Every man seeks extra work to make up the difference—if he can find it. Doctors write advertising copy while professors drive taxis. Each does what he can. "Everybody fears tomorrow."

Drawing by Seligson

Among the hardest pressed—the people who make only ninety to a hundred days' wages a year—the birthrate is rising for the good reason that each new child means an immediately added pittance in government-granted family allowances. Among the working class, marriages will neither take place or are being postponed five to ten years beyond the traditional age because the young men are not making enough money to set up house. Last year the government found that youths were becoming "at home" in licensed houses of prostitution. This was judged bad for spiritual welfare; the houses were shut. The banned profession then went as far under ground as the trade unions, and the VD rate shot up. So the madams of Spain were again licensed to set up somewhat more soulful *residencias*. But the fees in these are far beyond the capacity of the poor to pay. "That's the way it is in Spain," I was told, "nothing is too good for the rich."

NOTHING, surely, seems to be too good for Franco or his relations, friends and henchmen. The principal henchmen are the battalions of high-ranking officers who keep the army and police in line in return for company directorship and bribery rights in the business of government supply. There are tales—now common to the history of dictatorships—of millions in gold deposited to private accounts in Switzerland and Venezuela. Franco's closest friends are said to be the busiest shippers. Señora Franco's cash is being converted to jewels, according to reports from Amsterdam, while *El Caudillo*, through a drain in the treasury, spends vast sums every year on a

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Civil War memorial and tomb for himself in the *Valle de los Caidos* (Valley of the Fallen) in the hills west of Madrid. Stone-cutters have been busy there for more than a decade, carving into the womb of a mountain a vast cruciform church. In the North transept will be Franco's tomb; in the South, the tomb of José Antonio Primo de Rivera, founder of the Falange Party, executed by Republican Spain. Above everything, a stone cross springs more than 400 feet from the summit. (I applied in vain for a permit to visit the site. Some say I was turned down because work in the valley was suspended after the reorganization of the cabinet two months ago.)

The hunter of quick fortune need only have friends in government. He may get a license, form an import company, find out what sort of goods business men without friends have been clamoring for, and get permits to bring the stuff in. Long-standing orders for replacement of printing machinery, for example, were filled in this way, the freebooting importer alone having been licensed to bring it from Germany. The ultimate selling price was determined only by the market's desperate demand.

To be a relative of *El Caudillo* is better yet. Nicola Franco, his brother, is a multimillionaire, a member of more than twenty boards of directors. But the finest flower of the system is Juan March, Franco's own usurer. March laid the foundations of a fortune reputed to be among the ten greatest in the world on the profits of smuggling. He was jailed for it in 1932. Finance Minister Jaime Garner said then that the Republic must finish March, or March would finish the Republic. March escaped from jail by bribery, fled the country, returned with Franco, helped to finish the Republic, and today—as the late Senator Huey Long put it—has all four feet in the public trough. He controls the *Banco Central,* one of Spain's five great banks, and through it the tobacco monopoly and electricity, transport, shipping, petroleum, mines, chemicals, construction and cement. He and a horde of others gouge the nation by means of the *Instituto Nacional de Industria* (INI), the administrating organization for wholly state-owned enterprises and collaborator with private capital in almost all basic industries. INI buys what and where it likes. It advertises for no bids and pays its Franco-appointed agents high commissions, oftentimes on goods which, in effect, they are buying from themselves. INI's rules govern imports and exports. It grabs about four billion pesetas a year out of taxes to invest as it pleases. Its payrolls—as those of the government—are padded with Falangists who hold three or four posts, unrelated in nature and geographically scattered; the hardest work these men do is making the rounds to collect their pay. To illustrate the boldness of the buccaneering, the Ministry of Agriculture in this agricultural nation was allotted only a little more than 1 per cent of the budget, while the Ministry of Air got more than 8 per cent—in a country that is said to have more air force generals than aircraft.

To this regime the American taxpayer will soon have contributed a billion dollars for commercial investment and "defense."

IT WAS the strain of economic and student unrest, coupled with a shrewd effort to make himself presentable to critical but easily deluded American Congressmen, that led Franco in February to reorganize his ministries. He followed the shakeup with an announcement of planned administrative reforms and a promise that some liberty would be granted for "loyal and constructive" criticism. Among the new ministers were several who are believed to be members of the Roman Catholic *Opus Dei* movement, founded by the Catalan priest, Jose Maria Escriva, in 1928. The aim of *Opus Dei* is to "Christianize" civil life. The movement does not talk about itself. It is said to have extensive banking interests and to have won control of the boards of examiners who select the staffs of secondary schools and universities. The Jesuits, according to reports, are determined to repel this invasion of what they consider their spheres of influence.

Hunger, directly attributable to agricultural decay, is the most widespread, most pathetic cause of discontent in Spain, but is not likely to be the strongest stimulus to corrective action. Most farmers are illiterate, and millions of them are migratory, moving with the crops from one absentee-owner's estate to another. To organize them would be impossible. "Still," I was told, "the word is getting to them. For the past ten years there has been a growing stream of hungry peasants into the cities. They learn from us. And now and again they go home. And they talk."

THE MAIN thrust to unseat Franco comes from the cities; the main strength of it, from the Basque country and Catalonia. The Basques were Basques before Greeks were Greeks. They had parliamentary government (it sat in Guernica, smashed to rubble by German pilots during the Civil War) more than a thousand years ago. Their industrial skills and mineral wealth give them, along with the Catalans, the highest standard of living in Spain. They number about 1,500,000. The 5,000,000 Catalans have run with Northern Italy in the democratic guild tradition, keeping pace for centuries with the industrial development of Europe. Both Basques and Catalans are proudly nationalistic, and have separatist inclinations which they confess are economically unreal.

It is said of the Basques that their underground is so well organized, from leadership in somebody's hat down to cells a handful strong, that 25,000 men could be rallied from the countryside to the heart of Bilbao within twenty-four hours. "We are prepared; we have our plans; we are waiting." It was not discreet to say, definitely, for what. Nor was it easy to see through the minds of the Basques a clear vision of the future. In-the-street thinking appears to be muddled by a fervid conservatism. The Basque looks with one eye back to the old days of benign monarchy, and with the other into the heart of the Church. Wealth also nurtures conservatism, and half the private capital of Spain is said to be Basque. Paradoxically, however, conservatism tends to have both a stimulating and a braking effect on the obviously lively hatred in the region for the re-

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gime. Conservatism demands that the Basques have their language back again, but it also argues that it may be better to wait for a propitious moment to bring back the monarchy, rather than risk something less stable rising in Franco's place.

Against a return of the monarchy —but joined with Monarchists in the universal desire to get rid of the dictatorship, whatever may follow—are the banned political parties, united with parish priests and factory owners in the underground movement as a whole. They are the right-wing *Partido Nacionalista Vasco,* with an auxiliary trade union, *Solidaridad de Trabajadores Vascos,* which claims 40 per cent of the Basques' working strength; *Partido Socialista,* independent from the *Partido Socialista Espanol,* claiming another 40 per cent for their *Union General de Trabajadores*; and the *Cristiano Democraticos* and *Accion Nacionalista Vasca* parties, which have no trade-union affiliates. Basque royalists of the liberal Carlist tradition are reported to be trying to form a party which would bring Don Juan to the throne as a constitutional monarch with an English-style parliament.

In Catalonia, which pays in taxes almost half of all that the regime squeezes out of Spain, political thinking is seasoned. Relationships of parties and aims of leadership are clear-cut. It was here that I met men who showed most interest in the outside world. "Franco and his Western sympathizers to the contrary, communism is not a 'threat' to Spain, though more and more are joining the Communists *because Franco's own alarmist propaganda has reacted to convince them that the Communists alone are really fighting the regime.*" Add to this the fact that Western friendliness has got Franco into the United Nations, and may soon get him into NATO, while most Spaniards believe that the only country still openly against Franco is the Soviet Union. "In a country that hates Franco and all his works, in what direction would sympathy flow? It's clear—towards communism, Eastward." And again: "In 1945 we hoped that Allied victory would bring a change. Instead, we have had six years of United States aid to Franco. This assistance has discredited the democratic parties, has done the Communists a favor, has aided the extremes. America has done a disservice to the people of Spain. Its money has done nothing but enrich monopoly groups." And again: "The State Department's militaristic use of Franco against communism is bad. It is not possible to unite us with the West on a program of anti-communism. It would only be possible to win us on the basis of democracy."

Aside from the Communists, who are active but said to be loosely knit, there are three parties in Catalonia: Monarchists, Christian Democrats and Socialists. There are two unions (underground, of course): the UGT, or *Union General de Trabajadores,* controlled absolutely by the Socialists, and the CNT, or *Confederacion Nacional del Trabajo.* The CNT is anarchist; it is the strongest organization of workmen in Spain. All parties acknowledge that its ranks have been shock troops of the left-wing for more than fifty years. The first and last idea to which it is dedicated is that the trade unions must run the state. Its members fought against Franco's armies during the Civil War but, as anarcho-syndicalists, were under constant attack by the Communists, and today are described as anti-Red.

THE Socialists, who describe themselves as further Left than any other Socialist Party in Europe, hope to bring the CNT into alliance. They would thus, they think, offset gains of communism and renew the strength they have been losing as their former leaders die off in exile. The CNT and the Socialists would be a formidable force that could look to strong support from the Christian Democrats. This united-front project possibly portends the political nature of post-Franco Spain, no matter how the dictatorship comes to an end.

The Christian Democrats liken themselves to the British Labor Party ("in favor of private enterprise in some things"), and say that rank-and-file traditionalism in both parties is the only obstacle to a C.D. —S.P. alliance. A Socialist told me: "We want the same things, but the C.D. is with the Church—even though it is opposed to the hierarchy's cooperation with Franco—and would be afraid of Socialist anti-clericalism. On the other hand, Socialist rank-and-file think that union with the Christian Democrats would mean a swing to the Right. Independent cooperation is best." For the immediate objective, C.D. cooperation with the Monarchists is more likely. And it is even said that the Communists would be willing to consider a federated Spain under a constitutional monarchy as a price worth paying for political freedom.

The Monarchists recently asked Socialist leaders exiled in Paris what the Socialist position would be on: (1) Restoration of the Monarchy by popular acclaim; (2) Restoration by force. The answer was that Socialists could not accept a *coup de force*; that they could accept restoration only if the monarchy came back as a provisional government prepared to conduct a plebiscite after a period of free propaganda by all parties. But, the Socialists added, even a right-wing monarchy restored by force would be better than Franco.

There's no one in Spain who remains unconvinced that action is coming. Last November the newspapers (all controlled by the *Ministerio de Informacion*) covered the Hungarian revolution with the headline, "Liberty for Hungary." This headline—not sympathy for Hungarians—brought the students of Barcelona into the streets shouting: "Liberty for us. Liberty for Spain. *Abajo Franco!*" They were locked out from their classrooms for two weeks. In January, they organized the great tram boycott, and 2,000 of them went to jail. The Ministry of Education later expelled 300 and ordered another 500 to pay double tuition. In February the students struck again against the government's holding three of their number without trial. They battled in the quadrangle against *Guardia de Franco* hoodlums, who beat them with chains as they sang the forbidden *Gaudeamus Igitur.* It is significant that children of Monarchists and Falangists led the rest.

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THE UNFINISHED INDIAN WARS . . *by John Collier*

THE WHITE MAN's war against the American Indian continues in ways undreamed of by the old frontiersmen and little heralded in the contemporary press. It is a quiet war, waged unobtrusively in legislative halls by men apparently convinced that, the Red Indian having lost a continent, it is time now to square accounts with him altogether by taking away the last of his tribal properties and, ultimately, his tribal identity.

The immediate issue is the small Klamath Tribe, comprising 2,118 souls altogether, most of whom live on the reservation of that name in Oregon. The reservation was created by formal treaty on October 14, 1864; the Indians' ninety-three years of residence have brought into being a community rooted in the land and functioning, under the treaty, in normal tribal fashion under a tribal council.

The undoing of the Klamaths is not that they are poor, but that they are men of some property. They own 800,000 acres of the finest ponderosa pine in the country, a timber stand which has been administered by the Indian Bureau of the federal government since 1913. The timber is cut and sold on a strictly sustained-yield basis—that is, the amount cut annually is geared carefully to the rate of growth—and the income, minus administration expenses, is turned over to the tribe. Under this arrangement, each tribal member—man, woman and child—has been receiving about $800 a year (a family of five thus gets about $4,000 annually). Moreover, there is every reason to believe that the Klamath forest could maintain this income for its owners so long as timber remains a desirable commodity. Indeed, some experts believe that the timber will increase in value as the country's resources generally are diminished by intemperate cutting.

For many years the fair treatment afforded the Klamaths was typical, more or less, of federal policy toward the Indian—a policy dictated not only by a sense of justice, but by the white man's sense of guilt for the past. But in 1950, under Dillon S. Myer as Indian Commissioner, the policy began to change; the government prepared to divest itself of its responsibilities with regard to Indian affairs. In 1953, the Administration pushed through Public Law 280, an omnibus act which repudiated, in principle, all compacts and treaties between the federal government and Indian tribes and groups (see Indian Takeaway, *The Nation*, October 2, 1954).

It was within this context that, in 1954, the blow fell upon the Klamaths. In the final hours of its session, the Eighty-third Congress passed the Klamath Termination Act (Public Law 287), which compels the tribe to sell its corporate holdings—including the ponderosa pine forest and some 150,000 acres of range land—to non-Indians before March 31, 1958. Pursuant to the act, three management specialists were appointed who, in turn, hired a private corporation to appraise the tribal properties. In all, the management specialists were given a budget of more than $220,000 for the fiscal year 1957 to carry out their work—the money to come out of Klamath tribal funds.

THE SPECIALISTS soon found out what must have been obvious to everyone who has any knowledge of timber. Whatever it might do to the Indians, a forced sale of their forest to private commercial interests, who would operate it without regard to the sustained-yield principle, would result in its destruction in a short time. This would have deleterious effects on the economy of a large section of Oregon in relation not only to timber losses, but to wild life and water resources. Moreover, a forced sale of this kind would inevitably result in the bottom dropping out of the sales price; in the end, it could depress the price by one-half or more.

Undoubtedly the act was passed in the first place on the assumption that non-Indian timber interests would welcome this dumping of Indian assets into their hands. But the anticipated cheers never materialized. Whatever their feeling about the Indians, the white communities of the Klamath region were keenly aware of what the destruction of the Klamath forest would mean.

WITH these facts in mind, the specialists reported to a Senate committee on October 18, last year, that it would be well to amend the Klamath Termination Act. The amendment they suggested is designed to "terminate" the Klamaths but to save their forest; specifically, they recommended that the tribe be forced to sell, not to private interests, but to the government. The timberland would then be administered by the Department of Agriculture on the sustained-yield principle.

So far as the Indians are concerned, of course, this is no amendment at all, except that they are likely to get a better price. The amount suggested by the specialists as fair was the full value of the reservation; i.e., $113,775.000. This would be divided among the 2,118 members of the tribe, netting each member $53,718. Of this, $1,718 would be paid in cash and the rest amortized over a twenty-year period at $2,600 annually. For Indians who are minors, or who are "in need of assistance in conducting their affairs," guardians would be appointed under state law. This proviso would affect nearly half the membership of the Klamaths. In Eastern Oklahoma, in the decade following 1910, identical provision was made with respect to the Five Civilized Tribes. The result was a series of scandals that attracted the attention of the whole country.

For the Indian, there is involved here more than a comparison of in-

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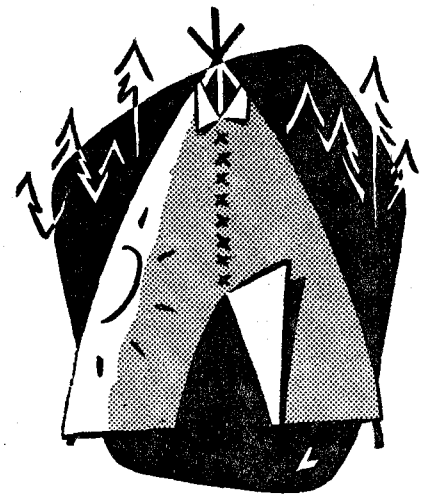
comes; i.e., $2,600 a year for twenty years, and then nothing, as against $800 a year for a lifetime, with every prospect that one's child and grandchild will profit equally. The fact is that the reservation Indian is still at a stage where, with a few exceptions, a relatively large amount of cash profits him less then it does the nearest storekeeper. The fact is also that to destroy the Indian communal property is to destroy the Indian. Anyone familiar with United States history for the last seventy-five years knows these things. The measures which proved disastrous all over the West in 1887, and in Eastern Oklahoma a quarter-century ago, are not likely to prove less disastrous in Oregon this year or next.

ONE EXAMINES the 182 pages of the Klamath hearings transcript in vain for a persuasive reason for the Klamath Termination Act. Reasons are advanced, of course; but they do more to illumine the thinking processes of those who advance them than to throw light on the issue. The specialists suggest that it is morally undesirable that the Indians should have a guaranteed income of $800 a year. At one point they term the sum a "dole"! Senator Watkins adds, "If they [the Klamaths] are just living in idleness, drawing their own pay and doing nothing else, I do not think it is good for them. It has never been good for any people in the world and it will never be good for them." The ordinary heir, it is to be presumed, does not live on a dole; the tens of thousands of widows and orphans who have a small income from properties or stocks and bonds, do not live on a dole; but a Klamath Indian, because he is part owner of a forest and enjoys an income from it—he is living on a dole! (In this connection, the Indian Bureau made a survey of the Klamath Tribe and found that 35 per cent of its members "were able to make their living entirely without dependency upon" their dividends; 20 per cent needed the dividends to some extent; 45 per cent were entirely dependent upon their tribal income.)

Nowhere is it suggested that the Bureau of Indian Affairs had failed to manage the tribal assets prudently and competently since the timber operation began in 1943.

What do the Indians themselves think? The transcript presents evidence the more interesting because it is conflicting. Most of the Klamaths "have indicated a desire to remain on the land which has been their home, their heritage" (page 68). But Mr. Watters, one of the specialists, testifies on page 18: "I still think the Indians should be terminated"; and further, on page 63: "It is the opinion of many persons . . . that this 'dole' system of per capita payments has resulted in a general decline in the incentive and initiative of the tribe as a whole." Several times, in the course of testimony, it is stated that 70 per cent of the Indians want to get rid of their property and dissolve their community life. But Mr. Watters states (page 35): "There is a tremendous lack of knowledge by Indians themselves of what this is all about." And the Indian's own attorney testifies (pages 106ff) that neither he nor anyone else can tell the Indians what will lie ahead when the act is executed next year. James Gamble, of the committee staff, remarks (page 25): "What the Indians had. . . . was a choice between cash and an unknown quantity." To which Mr. Watters comments, "That is right." Ignorance and the inclination characteristic of all who are untrained in the discipline of thrift have persuaded many of the Klamaths to prefer the cash, even at the cost of losing their communal identity. One witness went even further in attempting to read the motivation of the Indians (page 136): "These people are full citizens of the United States who seek release from racially restricted laws!"

THE REAL reasons for the Klamath Termination Act must be looked for beyond the strict confines of the hearings. In the first place, the government has set itself upon a course of total withdrawal from its responsibilities toward the Indian. Second, this Administration is developing a kind of nihilistic philosophy toward the country's natural resources which must shock the thoughtful citizen. How else explain the approval given to the Klamath Termination Act in its original form —a form practically guaranteed to destroy one of the country's great forests within a short time? The government's own specialists are clear on this point in the transcript of the hearings. "Our present thinking," Mr. Watters said (pages 12-13), "is that if this law is carried out as written. . . . one of the finest stands of timber in the United States will be destroyed." And again:



"Under this law as written, we are supposed to sell [the timber] in a manner whereby we can get the highest possible market price for the Indians. The only way you can do that is to cut it up into small economic tracts. The smaller operators will come in droves and buy up these small tracts and they will practically clear them. . . ." And again: "To allow the promiscuous cutting of the Klamath reservation forest is to jeopardize the farm production and the waterpower developments dependent on the watershed protection provided by these forests."

Yet the Department of the Interior, supposedly dedicated to preserving our natural resources, permitted Congress to enact the law without opposition.

The Klamath Termination Act is designed as a pilot project of the Administration in Indian affairs—and possibly in the handling of all natural-resource problems. The repeal of the act is imperative for the good of the body, as well as the soul, of the country.

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The Western Historical Worm

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Geoffrey Barraclough

DO WE, in the Western world, ever realize how extraordinary our preoccupation with history is? History, as distinct from mere annals and chronology, may almost be called a characteristic aberration of the Western mind. India and China have no history, in our sense of the word; they do not feel the need to interrelate past events in order to establish unity or order, to bridge them by interpolating links, or to subordinate them to more general patterns, as we in the West always strive to do. For them, "what reality there is in this world resides in the individual, not as a link and member of the historical process, but in him as such."

Perhaps the most interesting and valuable parts of the late William Haas's last book are passages, such as these, in which he contrasts the attitudes of East and West to time, to history and to the past. But, he warns us, we must resist the temptation to regard the "ahistorical attitude" of the East as "a mere deficiency," proving our intellectual superiority. For what, he asks, is the cause of our unceasing preoccupation with the past? And his answer is that it is "a deep uncertainty, a doubt that recurs again and again, particularly in the decisive periods of Western History," the primary reason for which is the West's failure to create a religion for itself.

> This inability to create a religion, and the adoption of a foreign one, coupled with the gigantic effort to assimilate it by recreating it, are the deeply rooted causes of this deep uncertainty of the West . . . In this predicament Western man turns repeatedly to history and the philosophy of history in search of equilibrium and a fulcrum. From history he hopes to learn the process of his formation, from the philosophy of history his place in the world and his significance to humanity. All this he seeks to the end of securing and stabilizing his own relation to himself.

But Western historiography had not advanced far before it became evident that the expectation that history would teach man "the process of his formation" was less a demonstrable fact than an act of faith. As Friedrich Meinecke put it, in one of the essays printed in Mr. Stern's illuminating collection: "One wishes to see the spiritual goals one feels to be one's own confirmed by revelation in the world." "One wishes," indeed; but what justification is there for thinking that history will help one to succeed? The four books reviewed here illustrate, each in its own way, the nature of the predicament.

The Varieties of History, a collection of essays and papers by thirty-five historians, from Voltaire onwards, "a book by historians about history," shows the Western historical worm writhing and twisting in its desperate search through blind, earthy fact for ultimate meaning. This formulation is not meant to disparage Mr. Stern's efforts. His volume is the best collection of its sort I have seen, and he himself an excellent guide. But whatever the incidental gains of history—particularly the sense of liberation, tearing us away (as Mr. Stern says) "from the parochialism of time and place" and enlivening our imagination—his book leaves us brooding over the presuppositions of historical thought, conscious that the answers of yesterday will not do, but uncertain what to put in their place.

Nineteenth-century historians believed in the possibility of objective history, speaking (so to say) for itself. "It is not I who speak," said the Frenchman, Fustel de Coulanges, "but history which speaks through me." It was an ideal of a neutral, value-free history; but what, in the words of James Harvey Robinson, was this so-called "objective history" but "history without an object"? Moreover, in Mr. Stern's formulation, "it left the historian without definite categories of judgment or criticism"; for "the very existence of truth in history is an unresolved problem of epistemology."

IT WAS the special task of the German philosophers, Rickert and Dilthey, to uncover the inherent weaknesses in the philosophical presuppositions of the so-called "scientific" historians. To use an expressive sentence, quoted by Mr. Stern, Dilthey saw more clearly than anyone before him that "the central problems of a historical methodology or epistemology hinge upon the fact that an objective knowledge of the past can only be obtained through the subjective experience of the scholar."

Mr. Kluback's essay on Dilthey explains his position very competently. He represented "the efforts made by German historical scholarship to free itself of positivism." The historical school of Ranke had, in Dilthey's view, "done a tremendous amount of empirical investigation and had developed intensive and successful techniques"; but "they had set to work empirically without a critical understanding of what they were doing," and therefore they

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"lacked the epistemological foundation for their work." Dilthey's object was to provide this foundation. The attempt of the positivist school to apply scientific methods to history was in his view misconceived; their place must be taken by "trained intuitive insight." For "whereas the scientist dealt with the external world, the historian dealt with thoughts, feelings and actions," which "he could only experience by a process of reliving."

BUT THE fundamental question remained: was the historical world intuitively accessible to human understanding in the way that Dilthey believed, or must one assume in this field, as Kant had postulated in regard to the physical world, that one could never know the reality of things in themselves? Mr. Kluback correctly admits that Dilthey never satisfactorily resolved this basic problem: the "psychological foundation" of his thought "vanished under him." There is a further point which Mr. Kluback might have emphasized. By casting doubt upon the value of "scientific history," by exalting intuition, Dilthey inevitably weakened the foundations of historical scholarship. As Mr. Kluback says, Dilthey's attitude came to him from the poets. But where, in that case, draw the line between the poet's intuition and the historian's intuition, between the poet's imagination and the historian's imagination? If the detailed, specialized work of the professional historian is today falling into disrepute, it is in part due to the ideas about history, its nature and its function, which Dilthey propagated.

One reaction was the grandiose synthesis, which seeks (in Meinecke's words) "to rise above the trivia of causal enquiry to the majestic values of life," and "to extract the 'eternal' and the 'timeless' from the past, allowing its historical conditioning in time to fade from view." For all its positive qualities, *The Destiny of the Mind, East and West* —as its very title indicates—is not always free from this dangerous tendency to stray into an ethereal region of pure speculation, where plain fact seems a brutal intrusion.

The other reaction is seen in William Carlos Williams' interpretations of American history—a truly remarkable collection of essays, which is a classic, very welcome in a paperback reissue. You will like his strange unorthodox style, or you won't; but you will not deny that he has something to say. The question is whether that something is history or not; and I, for one, cannot bring myself to classify it as such. For Williams is a poet, and it is the poet's vision—not the historian's vision—which he brings to bear on the American past, with the deliberate object of breaking through the deadening mould in which history has encased it. "History, that lie!", he cries; "Good Lord, these historians!"

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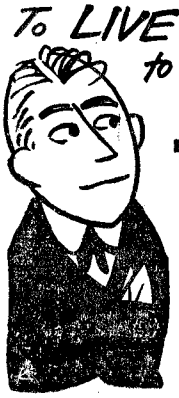
deny William Carlos Williams the title of historian implies a criticism of his work. His perceptions are real, incisive, true—often, perhaps, more true than the historian's perceptions, which he criticizes—but that very fact indicates the reality of the dilemma. For if the poet, stripping off the "chaos of borrowed titles," sees the past more clearly than the historian, what is the use of the vast panoply of learning with which history is surrounded?

For a full answer to that question the reader cannot do better than turn to *The Varieties of History*. The short answer, as I see it, is that the demands and expectations which we in the West have been wont to place on history are largely misconceived. The objective certainty which we hoped for from it is an illusion; and if we wish to know the process of our formation, or our place in the world, the poet is more likely to illuminate than the historian. This does not mean that history turns out to be a broken reed; it only means that our conception of its nature is mistaken. It is not concerned with the whole of reality, and to expect of it a key to understanding is to ask of history more than it can give.

Dilthey may have been right when he said that man can only understand himself in history, for we cannot abstract ourselves from time and place; but *in* history is not the same thing as *through* history. The historian, wrote Jaurès in one of the essays in Mr. Stern's book, "must never forget that he deals with a mere abstraction." He deals always with limited, selected data, and with these he can deal effectively. He can clarify, for example, the constitutional position in England on the eve of American independence, and this is useful knowledge for Americans and for Englishmen.

But constitutional history of this sort is an abstraction; and if we add to it political history and social history and religious history and the history of ideas—all of which are also abstractions—the mere sum does not add up to reality. This, as Mr. Stern well says, historians "can neither deduce from first principles nor create by an act of the imagination"; and it has been a peculiar Western aberration to suppose that they could. The oriental world, with what William Haas calls its "penetrating insight into history's lack of significance," saw further and saw more truly. There is no reason why we in the West should give up our pursuit of the shadow of events, "the chain of activities in the outside world," with which our traditional Western history deals; but we shall understand better the nature of our history, and what it can do for us, and what it cannot, if we can widen our perspective and measure it against the experience of the East.



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In Double Harness with Churchill

THE TURN OF THE TIDE: A History of the War Years Based on the Diaries of Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. By Arthur Bryant. Doubleday & Co. 624 pp. $6.95.

George Dangerfield

FIELD-MARSHAL Lord Alanbrooke—who as Lieutenant General Alan Brooke saved the British Army at Dunkirk and as General Sir Alan Brooke became professional head of the Army he had saved—seemed destined at one time to an undeserved but rather charming obscurity. "He is best known today," Sir Arthur Bryant wrote in the opening chapter of *The Turn of the Tide*, "as a lecturer on bird-films and ex-president of the Zoo." But that was written before the book was published.

Its publication seems to have started something of a rumpus in England. Bryant's purpose was nothing less than to transmit to posterity, in two stout volumes, of which this is the first, the notion that Lord Alanbrooke was "England's greatest soldier." This would have been all right if Alanbrooke had not been a consultant and to some extent a co-author; for the claim of "greatest soldier" is not derived from Bryant's speculations but based solidly on two of Brook's immense unpublished works—the uninhibited daily war record which Brooke called his "Diary" and the subsequent commentary and amplification which he called "Notes on my Life."

Brooke—unexpectedly emerging from the shadows in this unreticent way—is not the most usual kind of British general. He is an Anglo-Irishman, brought up in France, and probably more fluent in French than in English. When he was sent to France *after Dunkirk* on the lunatic mission of cooperating with the French "in the defeat of the common enemy," he could find no more soldierly terms for his predicament than "I feel like Alice in Wonderland!" He once alarmed Turkey's Field-Marshal Cakmak by staring blankly out of the window of the railroad car in which they were conferring, not (as Cakmak supposed) at some would-be assassin, but at the unexpected appearance of a rare bird called the "pallid harrier." In short, he has the makings of a first-class eccentric.

But the eccentric is unhappily lost in the "greatest soldier" who emerges from these pages, with their rather tiresome alternation of carefully selected quotations and awestruck connecting narratives. One has to read between the lines to realize that Alan Brooke is not the immodest and complaining windbag whom Bryant and Alanbrooke have somehow created between them: that he is, rather, a soldier with a mind of his own and no ordinary mind at that.

In some respects, moreover, this book is a simple act of justice. Brooke was not only Chief of the Imperial General Staff but also Chairman of the Chiefs of Staff Committee—a dual position which made him the first strategic adviser to the British Government, that is to say to Winston Churchill in *his* dual role of Minister of Defense and Prime Minister. The relations between the two men were, therefore, exceedingly close; and, though Churchill could have fired Brooke at any time, as

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strategic planners they were obliged to think on equal terms.

You will find little trace of this relationship in the six volumes of Churchill's *The Second World War,* fully as *ex parte* a statement as *The Turn of the Tide.* In the main text of this opus the references to Brooke, while invariably kind, are also brief, infrequent and laconic. In the appendices, on the other hand, where Churchill waspishly collected those personal minutes which showed him in the congenial act of lecturing, scolding and generally gingering up his military advisers, Brooke's appearances are far more numerous.

I would be the last to suggest that Lord Alanbrooke saw in this volume a chance of getting his own back. Brooke's admiration for his political chief—whom he does not hesitate to describe, and not in irony, as "a superhuman genius"—is evidently as great as the next man's. All he has done is to mingle with his rhapsodies a certain amount of forthright criticism. "Winston," he writes in one typical passage, "never had the slightest doubt that he inherited all the military genius of his great ancestor, Marlborough. His military plans and ideas varied from the most brilliant conception at the one end to the wildest and most dangerous ideas at the other. To wean him from those wilder plans required superhuman efforts. . . ."

To any reader of *The Second World War,* not totally deafened by Churchill's blowing of his own horn, these criticisms can but have a most reasonable sound. What created the rumpus was, presumably, Alanbrooke's willingness to have them printed now; posthumous publication, surely, would have been the decent thing. And yet the criticisms do not amount to very much, nor could they have been so very surprising. Churchill had a "mad" plan for the invasion of Norway; he had a most unstrategic obsession with the tip of Sumatra as the ideal base for operations against Malaya; he often tried to bully his generals into premature action; he meddled, he was irascible, he kept everyone up much too late. But it is clear that on fundamental strategy, on a Mediterranean policy for example, the two men saw eye to eye: indeed, they would never have stayed together if they had not. As a reputedly explosive account of the first years of World War II, *The Turn of the Tide* is something of a damp squib.

What is more valuable is its overtactful but persistent harping on the theme of the professional soldier versus the amateur strategist.

The theme is complicated by the fact that Brooke, though far from characteristic in his background and his more advanced ideas, was not merely a professional soldier but a *British* professional soldier—that is to say, a professional with certain odd yearnings for amateur status; while Churchill was an amateur so widely read and deeply experienced in the art and administration of war that he almost deserved to be called a top professional.

ALMOST but not quite. Brooke is more soldierly in his rooted mistrust of happy shortcuts and makeshift expedients; more soldierly in his sturdy faith in ultimate victory but intermediate defeat. Churchill, to be sure, announced and believed that the task would be long and difficult; but Churchill was always looking for intermediate victory, anywhere, everywhere, and as soon as possible. This amateur enthusiasm made him the great leader in a war which, if left to the British professionals, might well have gone on and on until the world bled itself white or blew itself up or died of despondency. And Churchill was quite un-English in his distaste for military incompetence (England's favorite military poem is on the simple theme of "someone had blundered"). Brooke also had a quick way with incompetence; yet you can detect in his Diary a fondness for those lion-hearted, imperturbable and ignorant warriors whose departure from the scene he made as easy as possible, and whose nicknames of "Bulgy," "Jumbo" and so forth suggest that they were not only imperturbable but overweight.

And then, in a far deeper sense, Churchill is the amateur of amateurs. He was a valiant and devoted public servant; but there is no denying that he got a tremendous bang out of the war. This was not true of Brooke. Few professional soldiers find war exhilarating. Wellington said that next to a battle lost the greatest misery was a battle gained. But Churchill, obviously lightheaded from a prolonged exercise of immense power at a very rare altitude, was able to describe a trip to Normandy only three days after the bloodletting of D-Day as a "jolly" visit to the beaches. At such moments, with the atomic age almost upon him, he seems most tragically out of date. Or is it that World War II—by giving him such power and then putting such a word in his mouth—had proved that modern warfare, as a means of settling anything, was already archaic? Brooke, whose Diary begins "It [the outbreak of war] is too ghastly even for a nightmare," seems—as a prophet at any rate—so far to have the last word.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

Stockholm—Copenhagen

SHOULD we hang our heads in shame? Here in the Scandinavian countries—Sweden with a population of little more than seven million and Denmark with a population of four million—each of the governments spends about a million dollars a year to support their state theatres for drama, opera, ballet.

The director of the Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm, Karl Gierow, assured me that he suffers no political pressure in the choice of plays, actors, artistic staff, even though one-third of the theatre's income is state money. He manages his theatre in consultation with a committee of members of his acting company, some of his stage directors and certain gentlemen from the Ministry of Education. Formerly a poet and a playwright, Gierow now finds his hands full with his theatre job: he oversees twelve new productions a season on two stages—to be increased next season to eighteen productions on three stages.

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Actors are poorly paid, everyone in Stockholm agrees. But there is continuity of employment because even the privately-controlled theatres have permanent companies, and actors supplement their salaries by work in pictures, recitals, radio. The theatres, especially the private ones, have been hurt this past season by the new lure of television. But when the novelty wears off, business, it is believed, will return to normal.

AT THE Royal Opera in Stockholm I saw a well-staged *Carmen,* and an evening of ballet with a superbly spare set by Picasso for de Falla's *Three Cornered Hat* and an agreeably naive folk ballet with a score by the eighty-five-year-old Swedish composer, Hugo Alvén. The Scandinavians have fondness in their ballet for a country-like candor with baby bright shades of yellow, blue, orange, green which is perhaps a needed relief from their taste for sombre plays and their dark winters. The performance I attended was a celebration for Alvén. Many speeches were made, flowers were brought on the stage, and the old gentleman responded gayly with a deserved tribute to the legs of the very good-looking girls in the *corps de ballet.* All this in the presence of Sweden's Gustav Adolphus VI, the first king—and a very nice one he seemed—I ever beheld!

Although I was chiefly interested in seeing O'Neill's "new" play, *A Touch of the Poet,* at the Royal Theatre in Stockholm, I shall refrain from discussing it now because I am to direct it myself in New York sometime next winter. Everyone assured me however that the production of this play was inferior to that of last year's world premiere of *Long Day's Journey Into Night* —which by the way is being done in Copenhagen and all over Germany.

I also saw a production of *Look Back in Anger* by John Osborne, the interesting young English playwright who for the first time, it would appear, has introduced a certain younger generation realism onto the British stage. This first play, rapturously greeted at its opening last year in London where I saw it, is chiefly a study of the psychological impasse of many articulate youths in England today—mental delinquents suffering from a frustrated hyperaesthesia which tends to make for bad manners rather than significant thoughts.

The Stockholm cast (which includes Anita Bjork, the Miss Julie of the excellent Swedish film version of Strindberg's play) does the English play well —though the cast is somewhat too mature for the parts they act. The play is ably directed by Alf Sjöberg, also the director of the above mentioned film.

I saw half of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* with a talented and extremely attractive actress, Mai Brett-Nilsson as Maggie. The young man who played Brick was good too, and I preferred the more realistic setting with a proper bed to the arty distortion—which would have broken the backs of any two people who slept in it—in the New York production.

Though my stay in Stockholm was too brief to permit any artistic generalizations about the Swedish theatre, I was dazzled by the fact that two openings of new productions were announced one night after the other at the Royal Theatre: one of Shaw's *Captain Brassbound,* the other of a play never before produced—because it was written like Faulkner's *Requiem for a Nun* as part play, part novel—a Swedish piece dating from 1840, *The Queen's Jewels.*

I saw a rehearsal of this and found in it a fascinating combination of an E. T. A. Hoffman or Edgar Allan Poe macabre quality done with a kind of sparkling elegance—the total effect being that of a courtly nightmare.

From all this it must be clear that the Swedish theatre—and this is true of Denmark as well—is in a healthy state—except for the lack of important new playwrights. "There hasn't been a first-rate Swedish playwright since Strindberg. But how many first rate playwrights have there ever been?" Gierow asked me. The Danes claim one such playwright: Kaj Munk, a clergyman who was killed at the age of forty-six by the Gestapo in 1944.

COPENHAGEN, reputedly a gayer city than the stolidly handsome Stockholm, is said to excel in comedy. I was ready to believe this from a highly amusing production of Molière's *The Imaginary Invalid* I saw at one of the private theatres in the Danish capital. (Bert Lahr would be wonderful in this marvelous old farce.) I couldn't laugh at the verbal jokes, but my eye caught so much comic byplay and inventive action that the play was clear as well as funny throughout.

The four old biddies—especially an actress named Ipsen in the titular role —of Giraudoux's *The Madwoman of Chaillot* were charmingly played, but I have yet to see this little masterpiece properly produced.

The Giraudoux play is a revival: it was first produced in Copenhagen shortly after the war. Good plays are frequently revived here and do not have to wait for a generation to pass before they may be seen after their initial run. And if it is a serious lack for a country not to have outstanding playwrights—as America now does, most Europeans affirm—it is still a fine thing to see the best plays of the international theatre, contemporary and classic, on the stages of two such small countries as Sweden and Denmark.

Before quitting this part of the world—as well as this report—I must note two minor observations which for different reasons charmed me: (a) On the Danish ten crown note one finds the face of Hans Christian Andersen; (b) the next play at the theatre where the Molière production was done is to be *The Road to Rome*—which the local tourist guide book announces as the work of *Sherwood Anderson*!

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ART

Maurice Grosser

THE WHITNEY MUSEUM is holding until June 16 a retrospective exhibition of the works of the German-born Hans Hoffman, veteran modern painter and most influential art teacher in America today. Most of the pictures are those done during his long residence in this country. They are large and bright. The paint surface is thick and crusted, made up of impressive quantities of the most expensive pigments—pounds upon pounds of veridians, cadmiums and cobalts, put on with brush, thumb and palette knife. The forms portrayed are for the most part imprecise—patches and squiggles of vivid color in elaborately contrived textures. The titles are sometimes fanciful. The image is either negligible or non-existent. The work is direct and exuberant,

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with little wit, elegance, restraint or tension—pure enthusiasm in paint.

Hoffman belongs among the Action painters, to the group otherwise known as the Abstract Expressionists. It is even possible that he is its inventor, for most of the members in this country have been at one time his students. The theory of this school of painting has been somewhat obscured by its advocates, perhaps more devoted to salesmanship than to clarity, but the ideas involved are simple and respectable. They are roughly these:

It can be claimed with a great deal of reason that the beauty in a work of art comes from the pattern of shapes and colors painted on the canvas and from this alone; that our apprehension of this beauty has nothing to do with the objects these shapes and colors might depict or with the sentiments the depicted objects might evoke. Thus, the lift we feel in a Greco comes uniquely from the interlacing lines of its composition; the intense peace expressed in the face of a Cambodian Buddha is a question alone of the proportions and relations of its sculptured planes; and the impressive weight of a Cézanne still life comes only from the spacial relations of those solid chunks of depicted matter we name, by habit and association, apples and pears. It can furthermore be claimed that the presence of such objects or sentiments, by their very familiarity, obscures the real impact of a picture.

When these ideas first began to be taken seriously by teachers and painters some thirty years ago it was assumed that the basic structure of shape and color which constitutes beauty was a question of exact proportion, and probably had a numerical foundation. An aestetitian named Hambridge revived a Renaissance tradition and suggested that beauty might be inherent in the incommensurable proportions of one to the square roots of two, of three and of five, and proceeded to derive the proportions of all Greek art and architecture from one or another of these fundamental ratios. To the Greek these incommensurables, not being real numbers, were probably as divine and as mysterious as beauty itself. On this basis, elaborate systems were proposed for the division of a canvas to provide perfect compositions for the representational painter. The abstract artists adopted the idea and their painting became more and more precise, with tight lines and sharply defined color areas. In most cases they did not follow a mathematical formula, but they believed, nevertheless, that the essence of beauty lay in the exact division of space and, in obedience to this idea, they tortured themselves to an almost Calvinistic exactitude.

A theory such as this eventually becomes untenable. It removes all freedom from the act of painting, and with the freedom goes also all the pleasure the painter takes in his labor. Another system had to be devised.

This was the present system of Abstract Expressionism, based principally, I believe, on certain pictures of Kandinsky. The concept of the universe on which it is apparently based, I myself cannot accept. It is none the less quite tenable: that the cosmos is the result of accidents caused by chance encounters between energies; that the artist's mind is itself the result of similar accidents; and that by yielding to his subliminal motor impulses, the painter's hand will automatically create accidents which will depict our accidental universe. This is the discipline of spontaneity—Abstract Expressionism's contribution to the technique of the art. With this discipline the abstract artist could pretend to be the instrument of forces greater than himself, his conscience was no longer racked by the demands of an impossible precision, his liberty of color and texture, so severely restricted by formal abstraction, was restored, and he could again enjoy his work.

ALL THE kinds of abstract painting, however, have certain serious drawbacks. The principal one is that the picture tends to lie flat on the canvas. It is almost impossible for a painter who uses no images to obtain the illusion of depth or of space. The painting is limited to surface pattern and tends to become pure decoration. To overcome this limitation the abstract painter frequently uses contrasts of hot and cold pigments, claiming that by an optical illusion, the red will advance from the picture plane and the blue will retreat into it and thus provide his picture with a third dimension. The effect is very marked with red and blue lights. But, in spite of the confidence Cézanne himself had in this theory, when dealing with pigments instead of lights, the effect is so slight as to be almost negligible. To achieve depth, the abstract painter can also take advantage of tones and values. Any irregular mottling when looked at with the eye of the imagination, will give bulges and recesses, heads and landscapes. But in a purely abstract picture, such variations of depth are placed there by the fancy of the spectator and not by the design of the painter. In principle, abstract painting is severely two dimensional, and I do not at all understand the apologists who speak so fervently of these painters' "exploration of space."

Disciplines of painting such as the two I have described tend to form schools. It is perhaps more accurate to say that these disciplines are the product of schools. Certainly they are more useful to teaching and to industry than to the mature artist. I suspect that the independent artist, once his student days are over, finds their possibilities too limited. They confine him to the exploration of shapes and colors, to the elaboration of textures, to the exploration of his own motor impulses. He is forced inside himself, cut off from the fecundation he might find in the outside world, limited to decoration—or to anti-decoration—and forbidden the expression of personal poetry.

The present exhibition shows little that is personal. It is all virtuosity. It is exuberant and non-committal in the highest possible key. It is like a model put before students by a brilliant teacher—all that cannot be taught has been removed. Hoffman has always taught, has always been surrounded by the admiration of students. That perhaps is why his work seems more the expression of a cult than a serious attack on the really interesting problems of artistic communication.

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LETTER from KENYA

(Continued from inside cover)

the men carrying beautifully wrought spears. They paid their fare, the bus started up. A few miles further on, in a place without a sign of habitation, they pressed the buzzer and the bus stopped. They got out in leisurely fashion, pausing in the doorway to drink casually from a bead-encrusted gourd. The language of the Masai reveals their Nilotic origin; they are generally considered to be a "backward" group, almost militantly uninterested in Western ideas and inventions. In this they differ spectacularly from their next-door neighbors, the Kikuyus, who are impressionable and desirous of assimilating a maximum of European culture. With the understanding of how the Western mind works goes political canniness: by fomenting a full-scale political revolt they have managed to make themselves the focal group in this era of their country's history, for they think in national as well as in tribal terms.

THE CLIMB up from the lowlands is so gradual as to be unnoticeable; if it were not for the coolness in the air you would refuse to believe you had climbed 5,500 feet. But the sudden emergence of a large and very modern city in the wilderness is something of a shock. All at once you are in England; amber foglights glare above the endless streams of traffic, and you find yourself reflecting that there is nowhere for all these cars to be going, nowhere for them to be coming from, in the middle of this desert. Nairobi covers an enormous area, and a car is considered a "necessity."

In the hotel the first thing I noticed was that my room was a cage. Every window is fitted with stout iron bars. Even the door has bars running from top to bottom, and the bolt is fitted to a metal frame enclosing the bars, so that even if the paneling should be broken through from the outside, the room could still not be entered. The thoughts engendered by this sight were not pleasant. It is impossible not to recall the hideous tales of tortures and slow deaths inflicted upon the Europeans by the Kikuyus, as told me by the English passengers on the ship coming to Kenya. "No one will have a Kikuyu any more as a servant," they assured me. On this score at least they obviously were misinformed. My own room boy is a Kikuyu, as are several of the waiters in the dining room.

I determined not to mention the word *Mau Mau* to anyone while I was in Kenya, and I have not. Nor have the English ever used it while talking to me. *The trouble* would appear to be the most usual way of referring to the activities of the Kikuyu nationalists which resulted in the great retaliatory campaign by the British—just *the trouble.*

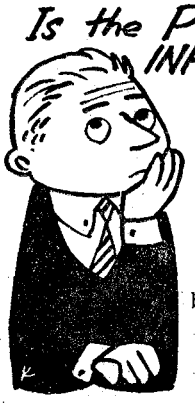
I ask an Englishman: "Just what was the cause of all the trouble here?" The reply is not always the same on each occasion, but it always has the same vagueness and lack of imagination, and is expressed with uniform inarticulateness. "Russian propaganda," "free schools," "sudden upsurge of savagery within the tribe," "difficulties over ownership of land," and even "Egyptian interference" (via Radio Cairo), figure among the causes offered me. Not one answer has come near to anything like: "dissatisfaction with the policy of racial discrimination," or even: "poverty," or "hunger." These last, of course, are reasons given by the Africans. However, if the British and the Africans do not concur on causes, they seem to be in agreement as to the eventual results of the present situation. The British are generally gloomy about future prospects for their rule in Kenya; the Africans, in spite of their appalling predicament, are confident of their own ultimate victory.

THE minimum wage for Africans at present, the wage in the hope of earning which they flock to Nairobi, is 82½ shillings a month, which equals $2.75 a week. (A 20-shilling monthly rent allowance is also accorded.) Of the relatively few Africans who have jobs at all, the vast majority work for the minimum wage. (Food is not cheap in Kenya.) Members of the Kenya Federation of Labor were unanimous in assuring me that no Asian earns less than five hundred shillings a month. The English, of course, make even more than they would back in England. "Equal pay for equal work" is one of the Federation's aims, but it will not be the first to be achieved. For the "emergency" is still in force (although the British insist that Mau Mau is a thing of the past), and the emergency means that any African can be picked up at any moment and imprisoned without trial in one of the vast detention camps, or arbitrarily deported from wherever he is to his reserve. Late in March Mr. Lennox Boyd announced in the House of Commons that Africans are being arrested in Kenya this year so far at the rate of 3,000 a month.

Nairobi's residential districts for Africans, called *locations*, were already designated before the "trouble" as the only places where Africans could live; they are well outside the city in desert land, and all of them are surrounded by massive fortifications of barbed wire. No attempt is made to give them the appearance of anything but what they are: concentration camps whose gates happen at the moment to be open. If you are on some of the higher slopes of the Royal Nairobi National Park, you can see in the far distance the dismal stretches of some of these locations, baking in the sun of the waste land, and it is impossible to avoid having the sentimental reflection that the wild animals of Kenya fare better than its human inhabitants.

I was invited to visit some African homes, and this gave me the opportunity of inspecting several locations. In Pumwani Location, in a standard room nine feet by seven, lived a family of five; there was not even room for a chair or table between the two sleeping-boards which filled the entire space. Next door, in an identical cubicle, lived four unmarried men. There is no point in dwelling on the hopeless dirt and squalor; under these conditions there is no alternative to filth. The rent on each room is 26 shillings a month, payable to the government. In Ziwana Location a woman was living with her twelve children in only slightly larger accommodations. Makadara Location seemed a little less crowded; my host here told me that the government provides the foundations of the huts (since Africans are not allowed to own land in the cities) after which the residents must build the rest themselves at their own expense. Notwithstanding this, they still must pay 32 shillings a month rent for the regulation one-room dwelling. The lease is for ten years, after which the constructions are pulled down, again at the builder's expense, and the property reverts to the government with no compensation paid to the builder-resident.

What must be borne in mind is that, apart from those who lost their lives in the recent hostilities and the 44,000 who



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still crowd the detention camps, most of the educated African citizens of Kenya are included in the 100,000 Africans who live in the Nairobi locations. To be allowed to remain there, even under these intolerable conditions, is a privilege which may at any moment be withdrawn, while to be obliged to return to the reserves is tantamount to being deprived of all means of earning a living. The Africans carry pass-books in Nairobi. It is a constant sidewalk phenomenon, the sight of a policeman examining the pass-book of a worried-looking African. It is interesting to note that the two institutions of the location and the pass-book are used in identical form and called by the same names in the Union of South Africa to enforce *apartheid*.

A glimmer of hope can perhaps be found in the fact that for the handful of Africans employed in the Civil Service and the High Commission services, the principle of equal pay for equal work does apply. But the request that all Africans be given the same recompense as Asians and Europeans for doing the same work is not one which is likely to be heeded as long as the authorities have absolute power over the Africans' physical movements.

IN A hotel bar I asked one cynical British government employee whether the March elections for members of the Legislative Council had in his opinion been what is ordinarily called "free elections." His answer: "I suppose so, as free as in any other police state." Then he added quickly: "I really must learn to keep my mouth shut!" However, Tom Mboya, the General Secretary of the Kenya Federation of Labor, considers the elections a step in the desired direction, even though less than ten per cent of the Africans in the country were qualified to vote. On the official side of the Legislative Council the members are all British civil servants appointed to their posts. On the unofficial side the members are elected according to a "parity" system which provides sixteen posts to be filled by Europeans (who number 45,000) and sixteen by non-Europeans (who make up the rest of the 6,000,000 people in Kenya). As if this were not already derisory, there is a further breakdown of the non-European posts, eight going to Africans (nearly 6,000,000) and eight to Asians (about 150,000, of whom 25,000 are Arabs, the rest Indians).

The eight African members, having been duly elected, decided unanimously to refrain from participating in government, thus forming what amounts to an opposition. Participation, they feel, would be a tacit acceptance of things as they are. Their principal concern at the moment is to replace the Lyttleton Plan, a compromise measure passed in 1954 during the crisis, with some sort of guarantee that the country will remain under the administration of the Colonial Office in London. The Lyttleton Plan's great danger is that it leaves the door open to cabinet government (that is, home rule) in Kenya. Under present conditions self-government could result only in the establishment of a regime in which the local European colonists would be free to legislate openly in favor of total African subjection, thus ending all possibility of evolution toward democratic government.

Immediately after the March elections the eight elected African members to the Legislative Council issued a press statement defining their position. A section of this reads: "We do. . . . hereby declare that the most urgent and immediate need is to secure constitutional reform in the Legislature giving everyone effective and real representation, to which end it is our intention to direct all our efforts and energies. We are firmly and unequivocally opposed to any system which serves as a device to secure for certain people permanent political and economic domination of other sections of our community in Kenya." The statement is signed by Tom Mboya (Naibori), Oginga Odinga (Central Nyanza), Masinde Muliro (Nyanza North), Bernard Mate (Central Province), Arap Moi (Rift Valley), James Nzau (Akamba Constituency), Ronald Ngala (Coast Province) and Laurence Oguda (Nyanza South).

UNLESS one is actually in this land of barbed wire and watch towers, it is hard to conceive that the aims expressed above should cause the man who formulated them to be consistently attacked in the local press as "Enemy Number One." In an editorial entitled "Survival" the review *New Comment* (Nairobi) of April 5 characterizes Mr. Mboya's position as "ludicrous," and ends with the italicized recommendation: "*Hard work and longer hours should be the order of the day for Kenya.*"

The remarks of the more moderate *Kenya Weekly News* strike a "Now let's just try to be sensible about this thing" attitude; the argument is that government by Africans "would mean the end of civilization in Kenya and a reversion to the Dark Ages, to the countless centuries when the Africans ruled themselves and produced absolutely nothing." The Africans' answer to this line is that for a colonial power which can maintain itself only by imposing the conditions that obtain today in Kenya, it is impolitic even to mention the word "civilization." For them a "reversion to the Dark Ages" might be an improvement.

Mboya is vehement in denying one of the favorite contentions of the British in East Africa—that there is considerable tribal disunity in Kenya. I had been told again and again of how the Kikuyu were disliked by their neighbors, of how the Wakamba had offered to take charge of operations against the Mau Mau (which in the beginning was a purely Kikuyu organization), of how the Kikuyu were called "the Jews of Kenya" by the other tribes because they were more interested in education and culture than in "doing an honest day's work," of the inability of the members of any tribe to understand or agree with those of any other. Wishful thinking, says Mboya, who as a Luo is far removed ethnically from the Kikuyus. "We're all together. We have to be. Kenya is a test case for all of colonial Africa south of the Sahara."

"They call us Mau Mau," said one Kikuyu derisively. "Do you know what Mau Mau means?" I said I did not. He put his hand over his stomach. "When this is empty, a man is Mau Mau. You see?" Like most revolutionary struggles, the freedom movement in Kenya has its terrorist elements. But the number of European victims of terrorist attacks has been unbelievably small—perhaps fifty altogether since the incep-

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tion of the movement. When you compare this with the number of victims of the counter-terror initiated by the British[1]—"100,000 would not cover the number of our dead," the secretary of one of the trade unions in Nairobi told me—you become aware of the ferocity of local European reaction to any concrete effort, however small, to change the basis of colonial society. Apart from the fact that the more easily sensationalized aspects of Mau Mau activity (its connections with animism, the ceremony of the oath and the ritual mutilation of certain victims) made it excellent copy for news correspondents, there is no justification for the enormous publicity it received at the time of its apogee. Infinitely greater numbers of French colonists, for instance, died equally horrible deaths at the hands of Moroccan terrorists during the War for Independence in 1954 and 1955, but because there was no way of camouflaging the openly anti-colonial nature of the struggle, relatively little was made of it in the world press. The inference in most of the material written on the conflict in Kenya is that Mau Mau is (the British like to say: *was*) an irrational outbreak of bloodthirstiness on the part of a group of fanatical savages. This unrealistic conception is a natural one to expect on the part of the local European population; further afield it becomes pure colonialist propaganda.

Since the industry of the country has a racial structure, the trade union movement has been obliged to organize itself in accordance with that structure. The Kenya Federation of Labor thus comprises nine unions whose membership is totally African. The most moving experience I had in East Africa was the afternoon and evening I spent going from office to office within the unions' building, talking with union directors. Their desperate faith in trade unionism came out in halting sentences, sometimes in Swahili which had to be translated for me, and sometimes in English, but all of them said the same thing: "Trade Unionism is our only hope." The office rooms were incredibly small; when night came the only illumination they had was a candle stuck onto the table.

Segregation here is fairly thorough, but not complete. Thus although there are European and non-European waiting-rooms and toilets in the stations, in Nairobi as in Mombasa the municipal buses merely have first and second class sections, and the seating depends wholly upon the class in which the passenger chooses to ride. This arrangement gives rise to some strange little scenes. An African policeman in khaki shorts was sitting alone on the wide three-passenger seat in front of me. An English woman boarded the bus, and the policeman shifted over to the end of the seat by the window, to leave space for her. She glared furiously at him for an instant, said in a voice for the whole bus to hear: "Well, *you* make a most presentable lady, I must say!" and strode indignantly to the seat behind me, where she sat down beside an Englishman, remarking: "Did you see that incredible performance?" They ended by having a good laugh together, but the meaning of the episode eluded me. I decided there must be a law providing that European women and African men shall not sit next to one another on a public conveyance. Not knowing, however, I asked about it at the first opportunity. There is no such law; it was not a question of seats at all. The English woman was angry merely because the policeman had not stood up when she came into the bus; some Africans still do, it seems, in deference to their superiors.

Mombasa

THERE WAS A RIOT in the Athi River Detention Camp two days before I left Nairobi; a British guard was stabbed. Severe disciplinary measures were urged by the press. Today there is a news story of a mass escape of Mau Mau convicts on their way back to a camp from the quarry where they had been working. Twenty prisoners are still at large. Before going up to Nairobi I should have hoped vaguely for their capture as a part of the necessary process of re-establishing order in the land. Now I find it difficult to wish them anything but the best of luck.

1. It is not excessive to characterize the measures of British retaliation, including the expedient of setting a bounty on dead Kikuyus, as counter-terror. An additional item of interest is the number of official hangings carried out by the government during the peak period of hostilities. From October 1952 through March 1956, 1,015 were executed, an average of one a day.

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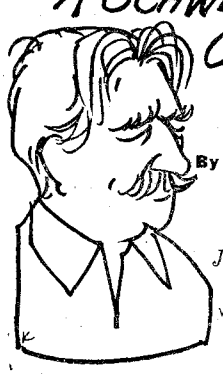

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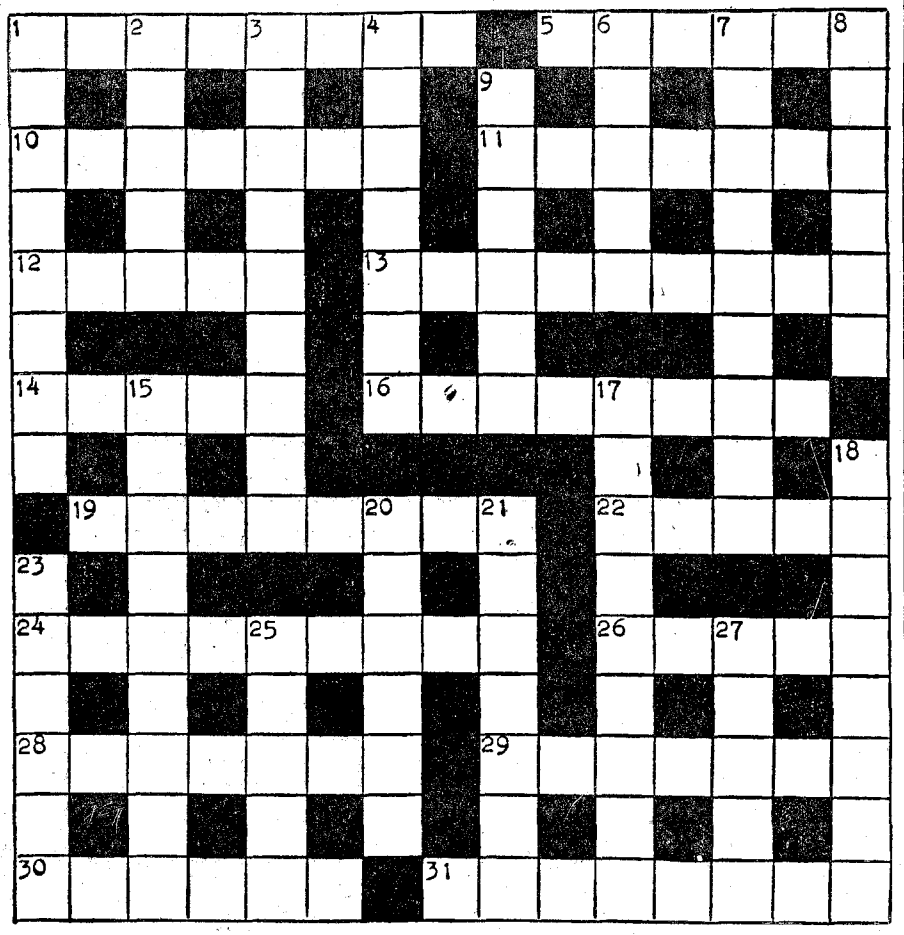
Crossword Puzzle No. 725

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Friendly clouds that might foretell something pleasant. (8)
5 Famous trial ranges? (6)
10 Periodically in the dark? (7)
11 Make a bet in a mixed deal, and put at rest. (7)
12 A grand place according to Baum? (5)
13 A street an unusual collection of animals paraded. (9)
14 Bone period of the Indians? (5)
16 Remove a passage for the deputy. (8)
19 Rather mixed twos than open sets of shelves. (8)
22 12 across found in New York, but not a very smart one. (5)
24 The way to change a sort of beast into something more like a mule! (9)
26 Turn over nothing but a Norse chieftain (5)
28 See 7 down
29 Refers to a sort of dull sea. (7)
30 What British insurance companies do? (6)
31 Sometimes rung in, and a badly focused eye warns of it. (3, 5)

DOWN:

1 Put a cooking utensil on around the temple. (8)
2 Certainly not a heavy beam. (5)
3 Obviously a knowing faculty. (9)
4 Only Herbert's operetta would have told any other version! (7)
6 Appeal to a house plant for this. (5)
7 and 28 across Would mercenary soldiers expect it? (7, 2, 7)
8 It's sad, but not quite true that one might be cruel. (6)
9 Mental disturbance, but certainly not under fire. (6)
15 Glue and cement have sides also! (9)
17 Usually a biological factor to revive. (9)
18 A general view. (8)
20 The animal is practically a goner! (6)
21 Look at the leaf — it has gone through porous material! (7)
23 Little boy at a part of the concert, perhaps. (6)
25 Aesop said outside show is a poor substitute for this worth. (5)
27 Kingdom where they always had a daily change. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 724

ACROSS: 1 HOMESPUN; 5 ESPIED; 10 LATHE; 12 EMPIRES; 13 TOECAPS; 14, 25 down and 11 across GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT; 15 RESTATE; 18 TOSSPOT; 21 RECIPE; 24 POWERED; 26 VICEROY; 27 EVERGREEN; 28 ANGEL; 29 STEINS; 30 REVERSES. DOWN: 1 HALTER; 2 METAPHORS; 3 SPEARED; 4 ULYSSES; 6 SHIVERS; 7 INDIA; 8 DETESTED; 16 ASPARAGUS; 17 STOPPERS; 19 PARAGON; 20 TEDDER; 21 and 9 REVENUE CUTTER; 22 COCKADE; 23 CYCLES.

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